

GRAND STREET BOYS RECALL OLD TIMES

More Than 1,000 Gather at
Dinner in Ballroom of
Hotel Astor.

WEALTH OF EAST SIDE

Stitch McCarthy, Governor of
Barren Island, Acts as Chair-
man of Big Event.

"You can see it for yourselves," said Stitch McCarthy from behind his collar as he waved an elegant hand toward more than 1,000 grand street boys who ate an enormous and exclusively French meal in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Astor last night. "That if it wasn't for Grand street was what it is, it could never have produced such a lot of millionaires who started out as boys like me."

"There's Morris Marks, who wrote Irish poetry. Morris calls it parodies, and let Morris tell it himself, he shoots a rap. It was in my saloon at 83 Forsyth street that he lost \$500 on a fade."

"Six hundred," corrected Mr. Marks. "Six hundred on a fade."

Stitch, "and there's Phil Warshaw, who was my cashier twenty years ago and now is a Coney Island millionaire, and Louis Friedel, who the more houses he sells the less money he has, and Kid Zeeman, the Mayor of Lower Fifth Avenue, and Manny Jackson, who gave up being Mayor of Borough Park to be a broker in Wall street. And there's Charlie Jacobs, who used to tend bar for me and was there the night Judge Aaron Levy fell asleep with a bowling ball in his hand and William Travers Jerome, the District Attorney, had to wake him up and tell him it was a bowling ball he had in his hand and not the papers in the case. And Otto Rosky, the Judge whose father was a butcher, and he was always a fine student of law. There's also Tunnel Maker, Harry Brick, Nat Hirsch, Moe Lazarus, Sam Wittenstein and—"

Makes Dive for Julius Levy.

Stitch dove through the crowd and emerged with Julius Levy. "You see him," cried Stitch, "Julius Levy, who was assistant to my best hound, who was Kid Zeeman, and it was Julius who ran all alone for Alderman twenty years ago and was licked 7,000 to 1. Would you believe that we searched three months to find the fellow who voted that one vote for Julius, as we wanted he should have for it? But we haven't found him. We knew it wasn't Julius, because I kept Julius looking up all that day, so he couldn't vote, and even Detective Kemp could not solve the mystery of Julius's constituency for a prize of another \$100."

And Stitch, whose Apollo saloon and bowling alley were famous twenty years ago when Stitch was Mayor of Grand street, went on for an hour indicating and introducing east side boys who, by dint of hard work and great self-denial, have built robust fortunes for themselves and ask for nothing better than a chance to get together as they did last night and tell about it. Stitch, now Governor of Barren Island, and given to shows of vast surprise when folks call him Sam Rosenberg, the name he brought with him to America, was all but chairman of the affair. Mr. Smith was not present, although his name was down with Judge Rosky, Judge Levy, Sam Keenig, Judge Mulqueen and Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., as among those to sit at the guests table. The speaking produced nothing that a Philistine could appreciate, but for the boys from grand and adjacent streets it was like a letter from home.

Old Time Scene Appears.

But before the speaking began the lights went out and the curtain at the far end of the room was pulled aside. There stood revealed Lorber's restaurant, B. Kahn's gent's furnishings store, the Lincoln League Club, S. Cohen's shoe shop, Butt & Sanders' saloon and G. Glauber's glassware emporium. The first across was Phil Wiser, a celebrated singer with Phil himself, in white vest, diamond studs and apron and all, wiping his hands on a towel. It was the corner of Forsyth and Grand streets twenty years ago.

And in this setting was produced what Morris Marks, the producer; Dan Dody, the stage manager, and Gus Wolf, the music director, announced as "As You Like It," a musical comedy and vaudeville with lyrics by Morris Marks and Edith Adelson and music by everybody. Thirty-one girls appeared and sang songs about everybody and everything from Judge Rosky to the famous conquering of Julius Levy at the polls twenty years ago. There were many furors, but none more tremendous than that produced by Morris Marks' parody on "The Irish Julliee," which Helen Brenner sang in grand street girls were present with their boys. It was a magnificent affair despite the fact that Stitch lost his rubbers which he had with great care tucked into the inside pockets of his overcoat when he went in to dinner with Willie Shapiro.

WEDDING MAY SOLVE FIX OF GIRL AND BABY

Conference to Decide an Im-
migration Complication.

The troubles of Miss Emily Knowles, who was brought to the City Court by Percy Spiker of Baltimore, formerly an aviation officer, who she knew in England and who is said to be the father of her three-month-old baby, may be solved this morning at a conference in the office of Benjamin Kirshstein, an attorney, of 230 Broadway. Spiker will attend the conference, accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Cora Spiker, who has expressed her sympathy for Miss Knowles and offered to adopt the baby. Others who will be there will be Spiker's brother, Guy, who has offered to marry the girl, and William Flatterby and his wife of Fall River, Mass. In whose custody the Immigration Department has offered to release Miss Knowles on bonds of \$10,000.

It is likely that the bond will be forthcoming at the conference, and that the attorney and the others interested will then go to Ellis Island and obtain the release of Miss Knowles. The ruling of the Immigration Bureau at Washington was that she could be admitted to the country for ninety days, but it is very probable that at the end of that time it can be shown that there is no likelihood of her becoming a public charge, she may be allowed to remain here permanently. The girl has talked to Guy Spiker, but it is not known whether any arrangements have been made for the wedding.

Trolley Kills 3 Hedged by Snow.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., Feb. 1.—Trapped on the tracks by the walls of snow which had been piled up on each side three persons were killed by a Buffalo and Lake Erie Interurban car near Lamerton today. The dead are Mrs. Ralph Smith and Miss Helen Case of Lamerton and Ralph Todd of Fredonia. Two companions were injured, but will recover.

PARROT HALTS A ROBBERY; GIRL, 16, CAPTURES A MAN

Bird Shrieks Warning Which Breaks Up Supper Party
in Tailor Shop—Chase Follows and Two Cops
Appear in Finale of Pearl Street Thrill.

With the help of his cerise-winged parrot, Gortie, a burglar alarm, members of his family, a few friends and a couple of detectives, Sam Sherman, the custom tailor who monopolizes the trade of the Oak street police station, broke up a burglar party last night in his flat at 351 Pearl street. He succeeded in bringing about the arrest of Frank Fabella, a Park Row lodger, with no more assistance than is enumerated in the first sentence above. Fabella was locked up in the Oak street station on a charge of attempted burglary.

About seven o'clock, Sherman was entertaining his family and friends at supper in the rear of his shop on the ground floor of the Pearl street address. He was telling stories about Gortie and the shrieks of laughter over the bird's habits of swearing blotted out the sound of a burglar's footsteps on the stairs. The tailor was just explaining how the parrot had saved the family jewels seven times in the last four years when the guests were lifted out of their chairs by a prolonged squawk that originated upstairs.

"Ma, the bell is ringing," screamed a ravenous voice.

"Listen!" cautioned Sherman as the assembly started to laugh.

"Ma, come and get them—come and get them!" the voice cried again.

"That's Gortie's call for help!" shouted Sherman. "Cecelia, run get a couple of cops!"

In the excitement that followed, the other members of the Sherman family, together with the visitors and passersby, gathered in a crowd in front of the house ready to catch the burglar when he should appear. He didn't.

But a moment or two after the last of the Sherman house reached the street, a man dashed out of a side door. He sped through Pearl to New Chambers street. Cecelia Sherman, the sixteen-year-old daughter was after him, and only a yard behind when he started to cross New Chambers street. She seized him and held on until Detectives Reilly and Bowman of the Oak street station came up and took charge.

A search of the prisoner's clothing at the station house revealed a Jimmy, the detectives said. They examined the door to the Sherman flat and said the scratches on the lock were made with such an instrument.

After the excitement had calmed down, Sherman declared he would scrap the burglar alarm and buy another parrot.

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'REDS' WALK OUT FROM THE FORUM

New Order of Things in Dr.
Grant's Church Too Con-
servative for Them.

Charges to Be Dropped

Carrying Out of Agreement to

Curb Radicalism Satisfies

Rector's Accusers.

Certain "Red" radicals who have been

using the Sunday forum at the Church

of the Ascension as a radical shouting

gallery were deeply disappointed last

night when the new order of things there,

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